COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

"I know it, father," answered Ida, "but I cannot and will not marry him, and I do not think you can expect me to. I got engaged, or rather promised to get engaged to him, because I thought that one woman had no right to put her own happiness before the welfare of an old family like ours, and I would have carried out that engagement at any cost. But since then, to tell you the truth," and she blushed deeply, "not only have I learned to dislike him a great deal more, but I have come to care for some one else, who also cares for me, and who, therefore, has a right to be considered. Think, father, what it means to a woman to sell herself into bodily and mental bondage—when she cares for another man."

"Well, well," said her father, with some irritation, "I am no authority upon matters of sentiment; they are not in my line, and I know that women have their prejudices. Still you can't expect me to look at the matter in quite the same light as you do. And who is the gentleman, Col. Quaritch?"

She nodded her head.

"Oh," said the squire, "I have nothing to say against Quaritch; indeed, I like the man; but I suppose that if he has £500 a year, that is every expence he can count on."

"I had rather marry him upon five hundred a year than Edward Cossey upon fifty thousand."

"Ah, yes, I have heard women talk like that before, though perhaps they think differently afterward. Of course, I have no right to obtrude myself, but when you are comfortably married, what is going to become of Honham, I should like to know, and, incidentally, of me?"

"I don't know, father, dear," she answered, her eyes filling with tears; "we must trust to Providence, I suppose. I know you think me very selfish," she went on, catching him by the arm, "but, oh, father! there are things that are worse than death to women, or, at least, to some women. I almost think that I would rather die than marry Edward Cossey, though I would have gone through with it if he had kept his word."

"No, no," said her father. "I can't wonder at it, and certainly I do not ask you to marry a man you dislike. But still it is hard upon me to have all this trouble at my age, and the old place coming to the hammer, too. It is enough to make a man wish that his worries were over altogether. However, we must take things as we find them, and we find them pretty rough. Quaritch said he was coming back this evening, didn't he? I suppose there will not be any public engagement at present, will there? And look here, Ida, I don't want him to come talking to me about it. I have got enough things of my own to think of without bothering my head with your love affairs. Pray let the matter be for the present. And now I am going out to see that fellow George, who hasn't been here since he came back from London, and a nice lot of news it will be that I shall have to tell him."

After dinner Harold came again, as he had promised. The squire was not in the drawing room when he was shown in.

Ida rose to greet him with a sweet and happy smile upon her face, for in the presence of her lover all her doubts and troubles vanished like a mist.

"I have a bit of news for you," said he, trying to look as though he was rejoiced to give it. "Edward Cossey has taken a wonderful turn for the better. They say that he will recover."

"Oh," she answered, coloring a little, "and now I have a bit of news for you, Col. Quaritch. My engagement with Mr. Edward Cossey is at an end. I shall not marry him."

"Are you sure?" said Harold, with a gasp.

"Quite sure; I have made up my mind," and she held out her hand, as though to seal her words.

He took it and kissed it. "Thank God, Ida," he said.

"Yes," she answered; "thank God;" and at that moment the squire came in, looking very miserable and depressed, and, of course, nothing more was said about the matter.

CHAPTER XXXI.

GEORGE PROPHESIES AGAIN.

Six weeks have passed, and in that time several things have happened. In the first place, the miserly old banker, Edward Cossey's father, had died, his death having been accelerated by the shock of his son's accident. On his will being opened it was found that property and money to no less a value than £600,000 passed under it to Edward absolutely, the only condition attached being that he should continue in the house of Cossey & Son, and leave a certain share of his fortune in the business.

Edward Cossey had also, thanks chiefly to Belle's tender nursing, almost recovered, with one exception—he was, and would be for life, stone deaf in the right ear. The paralysis which the doctors had feared had not shown itself. One of the first questions that he asked when he became convalescent was addressed to Belle Quest.

He had, as in a dream, always seen her sweet face hanging over him, and dimly known that she was ministering to him.

"Have you nursed me ever since the accident, Belle?" he said.

"Yes," she answered.

"It is very good of you, considering all things," he murmured. "I wonder that you did not let me die."

And she turned her face to the wall and said never a word, nor did any further conversation on these matters pass between them.

Then as his strength came back, so did his passion for Ida de la Molle revive. He was not allowed to write or even receive letters, and with this explanation of her silence he was fain to content himself. But so soon as he was able he made inquiries after her, and learned that she was well, and once or twice Ida came with him.

At length a time came—it was two days after he had been told of his father's death—when he was pronounced fit to be moved into his own rooms, and to receive his correspondence as usual.

The move was effected without any difficulty, and there Belle bade him good-by. Even as she did so George drove his fat pony up to the door, and getting down, gave a letter to the landlady, with particular instructions that it was to be delivered into Mr. Cossey's own hands. As she passed, Belle saw that it was addressed in the squire's handwriting.

When it was delivered to him Edward Cossey opened it, recognized in Ida's writing, and this he read first. It ran as follows:

"DEAR MR. COSSEY—I am so glad that you are now able to read letters, so I hasten to write to you. First of all, let me say how thankful I am that you are in a fair way to complete recovery from your dreadful accident. And now I must tell you what I fear will be almost as painful to you to read as it is for me to write, namely, that I consider that our engagement is at an end. To put the matter frankly, you will remember that I rightly or wrongly became engaged to you on a certain condition. That condition has not been fulfilled, for Mr. Quest, to whom the mortgages on my father's property have been transferred by you, is pressing for their payment. Consequently, the obligation on my part is at an end, and with it the engagement must end also, for I grieve to tell you that no other consideration would induce me to carry out. Wishing you a speedy and complete recovery, and every happiness and prosperity in your future life, believe me, dear Mr. Cossey, very truly yours,

"IDA DE LA MOLLE."

He put this uncompromising and crushing epistle down, and nervously glanced at the squire's, which was very short.

"MY DEAR COSSEY," it began—"Ida has shown me the inclosed letter. I think that you did unwisely when you entered into what must be called a money bargain for my daughter's hand. Whether under all the circumstances she does either well or wisely to repudiate the engagement after it has once been agreed upon is not for me to judge. She is a free agent, and has a natural right to dispose of her life as she thinks fit. This being so, I have, of course, no option but to indorse her action, so far as I have anything to do with the matter. It is a decision which I for some reasons regret, but which I am quite powerless to alter.

"Believe me, with kind regards, truly yours, JAMES DE LA MOLLE."

Edward Cossey turned his face to the wall and indulged in such meditations as the occasion gave rise to, and they were bitter enough. He was as bent upon this marriage as he had ever been, more so in fact, now that his father was out of the way. He knew that Ida disliked him—he had known that all along—but he had trusted to time and marriage to overcome the dislike. And now that accursed Quest had brought about the ruin of his hopes. Ida had seen her chance of escape, and had, like a bold woman, seized upon it. There was one ray of hope, and one only. He knew that the money would not be forthcoming to pay off the mortgages. He could see, too, from the tone of the squire's letter, that he did not altogether approve of his daughter's decision. And his father was dead. Like Cæsar, he was the master of many legions, or rather of much money, which is as good as legions. Money can make most paths smooth to the feet of the traveler, and why not this? After much thought, he came to a conclusion. He would not trust his chance to paper, he would plead his cause in person. So he wrote a short note to the squire, acknowledging Ida's and his letter, and saying that he hoped to come and see them as soon as ever the doctor would allow him out of doors.

Meanwhile George, having delivered his letter, had gone upon another errand. Pulling up the fat pony in front of Mr. Quest's office, he alighted and entered. Mr. Quest was disengaged, and he was shown straight into the inner office, where the lawyer sat, looking more refined and gentleman like than ever.

"How do you do, George?" he said, cheerily; "sit down; what is it?"

"Well, sir," answered that lugubrious worthy, as he awkwardly took a seat, "the question is, what isn't it? These be rum times, they be: they fare to puzzle a man, they du."

"Yes," said Mr. Quest, balancing a quill pen on his finger, "the times are bad enough."

Then came a pause.

"Dash it all, sir," went on George presently, "I may as well get it out; I have come to speak to you about the squire's business."

"Yes," said Mr. Quest.

"Well, sir," went on George, "I am told that these dratted mortgages have passed into your hands and that you have called in the money."

"Yes, that is correct," said Mr. Quest again.

"Well, sir, the fact is that the squire can't get the money. It can't be had nohow. Nobody won't take the land as security. It might be so much water for all people will look at it."

"Quite so. Land is in very bad odor as security now."

"And that being so, sir, what is to be done?"

Mr. Quest shrugged his shoulders. "I do not know. If the money is not forthcoming, of course, I shall, however unwillingly, be forced to take my legal remedy."

"Meaning, sir"——

"Meaning that I shall bring an action for foreclosure, and do what I can with the lands."

George's face darkened.

"And that reads, sir, that the squire and Miss Ida will be turned out of Honham, where they have been for centuries, and that you will turn in."

"Well, that is what it comes to, George. I am sincerely sorry to press the squire, but it's matter of thirty thousand pounds, and I am not in a position to throw away thirty thousand pounds."

"Sir," said George, rising in indignation, "I don't know how you came by them there mortgages. There is some things that laryers know and honest men don't know, and that is one of them. But it seems that you've got 'em and are going to use 'em—and that being so, Mr. Quest, I have summut to say to you—and that is that no good will come to you from this here move."

"What do you mean by that, George?" said the lawyer, sharply.

"Never you mind what I means, sir. I means what I says. I means that sometimes people has things in their lives snugged away where nobody can't see them, things as buried, as though they was dead and buried, and that ain't dead and buried, things so much alive that they fare as though they were fit to kick the lid off their coffin. That's what I means, sir, and I means that when folk set to work to do a hard and wicked thing those dead things sometimes gets up and walks where they is least wanted; and maybe if you goes on for to turn the old squire and Miss Ida out of the castle, mayhap, sir, something of that sort will happen to you, for mark my word, sir, there's justice in the world, sir, as maybe you will find out. And now, sir, I'll wish you good morning, and leave you to think on what I've said," and he was gone.

"George!" called Mr. Quest after him, rising from his chair, "George!" but George was out of hearing.

"Now what did he mean by that—what the devil did he mean?" said Mr. Quest with a gasp as he sank back in his chair. "Surely," he thought, "the man cannot have got hold of anything about Edith. Impossible, impossible; if he had he would have said more, he would not have confined himself to hinting—that would take a cleverer man; he would have shown his hand. He must have been speaking at random to frighten me, I suppose. By heavens, what a thing it would be if he did get hold of something. Ruin, absolute ruin! I'll settle up this business as soon as I can, and leave the country; I can't stand the strain, it's like having a sword over one's head. I've half a mind to leave it in somebody else's hands and go at once. No, I'll see it out. I don't like running away. It must be all rubbish; how could he know anything about it?"

So shaken was he, however, that though he tried once, and yet again, he found it impossible to settle himself down to work till he had taken a couple of glasses of sherry from the decanter in the cupboard; and even as he did so he wondered if the shadow of the sword disturbed him so much, how he would be affected if it ever was his lot to face the glimmer of its naked blade.

No further letter came to Edward Cossey from the castle, but, impatient as he was to do so, another fortnight elapsed before he was able to go up to see Ida and her father. At last, one fine December morning, he drove for the first time since his accident allowed him to take carriage exercise, and his first drive was to Honham castle.

When the squire, who was sitting in the vestibule writing letters, saw a poor, pallid man, rolled up in fur, with a white face scarred with purple marks and black rings round his large dark eyes, being helped from a closed carriage, he did not know who it was, and called to Ida, who was passing along the passage, to tell him.

Of course she recognized her admirer instantly, and wished to leave the room, but her father prevented her.

"You got into this mess," he said, forgetting how she got into it, "and you must get out of it as best you can."

When Edward, having been assisted into the room, saw Ida standing there, all the blood in his wasted body seemed to rush for a few seconds into his pallid face.

"How do you do, Mr. Cossey?" she said. "I am glad to see you out, and hope that you are better."

"I beg your pardon, I cannot hear you," he said, turning round; "I am stone deaf in my right ear."

A pang of pity shot through her heart. Edward Cossey, feeble, dejected and limping from the jaws of death, was a very different being to Edward Cossey in the full bloom of his youth and health and strength. Indeed, so much did his condition appeal to her sympathies, that for the first time since her mental attitude toward him had been one of entire indifference, she looked on him without repugnance.

Meanwhile her father had shaken him by the hand, and led him to an armchair before the fire.

Then, after a few questions and answers as to his accident and merciful recovery, there came a pause.

At length he broke it. "I have come to see you both," he said, with a faint, nervous smile, "about the letters you wrote me. If my condition would have allowed it I would have come before, but it would not."

"Yes," said the squire, attentively, while Ida folded her hands in her lap and sat still with her eyes fixed upon the fire.

"It seems," he went on, "that the old proverb has applied to my case as to so many others—being absent, I have suffered. I understand from these letters that my engagement to you, Ida, is broken off?"

She made a motion of assent.

"And that it is to be broken off on the ground that, having been forced by a combination of circumstances which I cannot enter into, to transfer the mortgages to Mr. Quest, consequently, I broke my bargain with you?"

"Yes," said Ida.

"Very well, then, I come to tell you both that I am ready to find the money to meet those mortgages and pay them off."

"Ah!" said the squire.

"Also, that I am ready to do what I offered to do before, and which, as my father is now dead, I am perfectly in a position to do—namely, to settle two hundred thousand pounds absolutely upon Ida, and, indeed, generally to do anything else that she or you may wish," and he looked at the squire.

"It is no use looking at me for an answer," said he, with some irritation. "I have no voice in the matter."

He turned to Ida, who put her hand before her face and shook her head.

"Perhaps," said Edward, somewhat bitterly, "I should not be far wrong if I said that Col. Quaritch has more to do with your change of mind than the fact of the transfer of these mortgages."

She dropped her hand and looked him full in the face.

"You are quite right, Mr. Cossey," she said, boldly. "Col. Quaritch and I are attached to each other, and we hope one day to be married."

"Confound that fellow Quaritch," growled the squire.

Edward winced visibly at this outspoken statement.

"Ida," he said, "I make one last appeal to you; I am devoted to you with all my heart—so devoted that though it may seem foolish to say so, especially before your father, I really think that I would rather not have recovered from my accident than that I should have recovered for this. I will give you everything that a woman can want, and my money will make your family what it was centuries ago, the greatest in the country side. I don't pretend to have been a saint—perhaps you may have heard something against me in that way—or to be anything out of the common. I am only an ordinary everyday man, but I am devoted to you. Think, then, before you refuse me altogether."

"I have thought, Mr. Cossey," answered Ida, almost passionately; "I have thought until I am tired of thinking, and I do not consider that it is fair that you should press me like this, especially before my father."

"Then," he said, rising with difficulty, "I have said all that I have to say, and done all that I can do. I shall still hope that you may change your mind; I shall not yet abandon hope. Good-by."

She touched his hand, and then the squire offering him his arm, he went down the steps to his carriage.

"I hope, Mr. de la Molle," he said, "that bad as things are for me, if they should take a turn, I shall have your support."

"My dear sir," answered the squire, "I tell you frankly that I wish my daughter would marry you. As I said before, it would for obvious reasons be desirable. But Ida is not like ordinary women. When she sets her mind upon a thing she sets it like a flint. Things may change, however, and that is all I can say. Yes, if I were you, I should remember that this is a changeable world and that women are the most changeable things in it."

When the carriage had gone he re-entered the vestibule. Ida, who was going away much disturbed in mind, saw him coming and knew from the expression of his face that there was going to be trouble. With characteristic courage she turned, determined to brave it out.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SQUIRE SPEAKS HIS MIND.

For a moment or more her father fidgeted about, moving his papers backward and forward, but saying nothing.

At last he spoke. "You have taken a most serious and painful step, Ida," he said. "Of course, you have a right to do as you please; you are of full age, and I cannot expect that you will consider me or your family in your matrimonial engagements, but at the same time I think that it is my duty to point out to you what it is that you are doing. You are refusing one of the finest matches in England in order to marry a broken down, middle aged, half pay colonel, a man who can hardly support you, whose part in life is played, or who is apparently too idle to seek another."

Here Ida's eyes flashed ominously, but she made no comment, being apparently afraid to trust herself to speak.

"You are doing this," went on her father, working himself up as he spoke, "in the face of my wishes, and with the knowledge that your action will bring your family, to say nothing of your father, to utter and irretrievable ruin."

"Surely, father, surely," broke in Ida, almost in a cry, "you would not have me marry one man when I love another. When I made the promise I had not become attached to Col. Quaritch."

"Love! pshaw!" said her father. "Don't talk to me in that sentimental and school girl way—you are too old for it. I am a plain man, and I believe in family affection and in duty, Ida. Love, as you call it, is only too often another word for self will and selfishness, and other things that we are better without."

"I can understand, father," answered Ida, struggling to keep her temper under this jobation, "that my refusal to marry Mr. Cossey is disagreeable to you for obvious reasons, though it is not so very long ago that you detested him yourself. But I do not see why an honest woman's affections for another man should be talked of as though there was something shameful about it. It is all very well to sneer at 'love,' but after all a woman is flesh and blood; she is not a chattel or a slave girl, and marriage is not like anything else—it means, as you must know, many things to a woman. There is no magic about marriage to make that which is unrighteous righteous, or that which is impure pure."

"There," said her father, "it is no good your lecturing to me on marriage, Ida. If you do not want to marry Cossey I can't force you to. If you want to ruin me and your family and yourself you must do so. But there is one thing. While it is over me, which I suppose will not be for much longer, my house is my own, and I will not have that colonel of yours hanging about it, and I shall write to him to say so. You are your own mistress, and if you choose to walk over to church and marry him you can do so, but it will be done without my consent, which of course, however, is an unnecessary formality. Do you hear me, Ida?"

"If you have quite done, father," she answered, coldly, "I should like to go before I say something which I might be sorry for. Of course, you can write what you like to Col. Quaritch, and I shall write to him, too."

(TO BE CONTINUED.

A FLOATING ISLAND.

Vermont Possesses One of the World's Great Curiosities.

The floating island in Sadawga Lake, in the town of Whitingham, Vt., is one of the most remarkable freaks of nature and one of the greatest curiosities in the world.

The island contains over a hundred acres, and it actually floats upon the top of the water. There is no doubt about it. It is not attached to the main land on any part of the lake. One can pass entirely around it in a boat.

The fact that it really floats on the water was made evident last year. At that time a stone dam was built at the outlet of the lake over six feet high, which raised the water a little more than six feet. When the gates were shut, and the water for the first time began to rise in the lake, there was great curiosity to see whether the island would be submerged or rise with the water. It took about forty-eight hours for the water in the lake to rise to the top of the dam, and it was then discovered that the island presented exactly the same appearance that it did when the water was six feet lower.

There is no part of the island that has ever been more than two or three feet above the surface of the water. Therefore if it did not float when the lake was raised six feet by this new dam, it would have been entirely submerged.

Since the water was raised this great mass of land has floated about more readily than it previously did. Portions of it, containing from one to three acres, have been broken away from the main island, and go swimming around independently. There are four such pieces. Three of them are close together, and already fifty or sixty rods to the northeast of the main island. Sometimes they are five or six rods apart. Then again they will be all in a cluster, the smaller ones floating around faster than the larger ones, as the wind carries them more easily.

The great main island, which contains over 100 acres, moves about slowly. The prevailing winds are from the south and west, and after it has blown hard for a day or two the main island is found to have changed its position several rods. Some times it will be near the east shore, and then again it moves over toward the west. It never has come nearer than a quarter of a mile of the north shore.

There is a small forest of tamarack trees growing upon this remarkable island. Some of them are more than twenty-five feet high. They are in a thrifty condition and are of large size at the butt. Smaller trees of the same kind are rapidly growing up beside them. The wonder is how the roots of these trees are nourished. The lake is situated in marshy surroundings on the south west side, and it is supposed that there is vegetable matter enough in the water to keep the trees in a healthy condition.—Boston Globe.

IRISH COUNTRY LIFE.

The Most Enjoyable Existence a Man of Leisure Can Lead.

On the whole, the Scotch and Irish are more pleasant, particularly to a sportsman; the English more dignified, or, I might say, magnificent, on account of the size and appointments of the mansions, and the old historical surroundings. A great Irish house is more homely and genial. The host and hostess generally talk better; they put more stress upon their out-of-door appointments; they have better, or rather more interesting, gardens; better-bred horses, and are readier to put them at your disposal. The Irish country house is more natural. If you have not had early breakfast ordered, and arranged overnight for an early start, you come down to breakfast any hour you like within reasonable limits (9-10:30). You will generally find two or three little tables ready, various hot things at the fire, cold things on the sideboard. You will find three or four people at breakfast, others gone, some not down. The servants only come when summoned. Every body walks round and helps himself. You are asked at breakfast what you would like to do. Will you fish, or shoot, or hunt, or drive, according to the season, and the professed object of your visit? You are asked what shall be sent out with you for lunch. You will be sent in a dog cart or other carriage, and some of the guests, or the host, will accompany you. If you are a real sportsman, you will work as hard all day as if you depended upon it for your dinner, and, indeed, in one sense you do, for you will gain an appetite worth a dinner by itself. You bring your own guns, rods, horses, etc., if you come for the purpose of sport; if you are a fashionable man, you bring your own servant. But if any sudden chance arises, if you happen to come unprepared, there is always some means of fixing you up for a day's enjoyment. In this way you come to know the neighborhood as only sportsmen can know it; you will study the hills, the woods, the pools in the river with a deeper interest than mere curiosity, when you know that your success depends upon understanding these things.—J. P. Mahaffy, M. A., in Chautauquan.

Why the Trains Wait.

It has probably puzzled many a traveler, who fitting impatiently in a train has waited for the draw of a bridge to close which has been opened to allow some snaillike boat to creep up the current, why the rapidly moving train was not given the precedence, as it could swiftly hurry away. It is not due to the excuse that the boat cannot hold itself against the stream, for it can and does do this frequently. It is simply the application of the old common law principle of easement. The boats had the use of navigable streams long before railroads were invented, and when the latter bridged rivers they did so subject to the former's interest therein, and for this reason railroad trains are today obliged to stand back while the boats pass ahead. All modern conditions would indicate that the locomotive should have precedence of the steamer, and the fact that it does not shows the tenacious grip of custom. —St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Long Training.

Brown—Do you know how long Robinson has been keeping house?

Smith—No; but it must be a good many years. I took dinner with him the other day, and he carved a duck without spilling it on the floor.—Harper's Bazar.

Saved Himself.

Miss Gushington (enjoying a sleigh ride)—I think you have a lovely horse, Mr. De Lyle. About what does such a fine animal cost?

Mr. De Lyle—Two dollars an hour—or—er—yes, that horse is worth about $800, Miss Gushington.—The Epoch.

THE AEROPHOR.

A Contrivance for Producing Atmospheric Moisture in Cotton Mills.

It is of the first importance in textile factories to have a continuous and equable degree of atmospheric moisture. In spinning sheds a large amount of frictional electricity is generated by the running of the spindles and of the machinery generally, and this electricity, if it be not absorbed by moisture in the air, has an injurious effect upon the yarns and fibers. In weaving sheds a humid atmosphere is of equal importance, otherwise there is a continual breaking of threads and other prejudicial occurrences. The necessary diffusion of moisture has hitherto been secured at the expense of the comfort, and even the health, of the factory hands, by the projection of steam into the atmosphere and by dampening the floors with water. In either case damage is caused to the machinery and buildings, while an unhealthy atmosphere is created, in which the operatives are obliged to work.

In order to obviate all this the aerophor has been invented by a German engineer, and is largely in use in Germany. The aerophor is an apparatus for distributing moisture in the form of a very fine water cloud, which may be either cold or warm. The apparatus, which is not large, contains no movable parts, and a single high pressure pump can work any number of aerophors. The contrivance, which is fixed just under the ceiling at given points, consists of two separate nozzles, one for propelling the air by creating an induced current, and the other for moistening it. A jet of water under pressure is projected through a horizontal nozzle into a casing in which there is a vertical nozzle. The jet from the horizontal nozzle causes the induced current of air to act upon the water entering the casing at its upper part through the vertical nozzle. The water is passed into the atmosphere in the form of a fine, diffusive cloud, the large drops of water being caught and retained by the apparatus.

The aerophor will only project into the atmosphere such particles of water as are capable of being absorbed immediately, so that damage to the machinery or fabric is impossible. In the same way, the atmosphere not being supersaturated, there is no injury to health. Installations of this invention have recently been put up in several Lancashire mills, one of which, belonging to the Hurst Mills company, Ashton-under-Lyne, was recently inspected by a number of mill owners and other gentlemen interested in the production of textile fabrics. In the shed inspected there were 468 looms out of the 2,100 at work in the mill. The moistening is there successfully performed by eleven aerophors, while ventilation is aided by an aerophor ventilator. The recording instruments showed the temperature to be 78 degs. Fahrenheit with 75 per cent. of moisture. Inquiries of the manager and of several of the operatives elicited but one answer, and that was one of thorough satisfaction. Mr. Osborne, one of her majesty's inspectors of factories, was present, and stated that the aerophor met the requirements of the government and was a boon to the operatives. He observed that the aerophor, or any similar apparatus efficiently effecting the same object, was greatly wanted in textile factories.—Public Opinion.

The Relation That Should Exist Between the Style and the Matter.

No romance is any the worse, but far the better, for being well written. To be well written it must be suitably written, and the style which is excellent for a sober, delicate, scientific story is not so excellent for a tale of adventure. Even the novel-publishing newspapers, as long as they get their weekly allowance of incident, do not grumble, probably because the language is good. Its excellence, however, depends on the matter. Elegant and rhythmic English and dainty and prolonged descriptions are not in place in a novel of romance; they cease to be in place as soon as the separate charm of the style becomes a rival to the interest of the story. A drama may have too much wit, though this is an uncommon fault, and a story, too, is marred when the attention, instead of being concentrated on the action, is claimed by the manner of the narration. Even in tales of analysis and science, one often sees that the author has paused and nibbled at his pen, while he sought for the best, or rather the most unexpected, word. This is actually a frequent vice in modern, especially, perhaps, in American novels, which aim at style. There are some readers who prefer these interruptions and delays; they think them proofs of delicacy and of exquisite care. This appears to me to be a fault in any work. Often, it is true, in Shakespeare one is forced to stop and read again and again some passage, for the extraordinary, astonishing beauty of its manner. But we may be sure that Shakespeare did not stop as he wrote, and work the thing up; Shakespeare who "never blotted a line." Of course passages may be "worked up," and yet may show no sign of it. For example, there is a beautiful sentence in one of Izaak Walton's "Lives," which reads in the original as if the words were quite spontaneous. But rough copies of it are found on a fly leaf of a book which had been in the possession of Izaak.

The error is to employ a research in style which is inappropriate and tardy. This is as much the fault of some good novels as the want of style and carelessness of taste and even of grammar is the fault of some books of adventure. The worst of it is that, to a good many persons, the fault in the former class appears a merit. When Mr. Stevenson in his admirable "Master of Ballantrae," makes the old Scotch steward speak of "the lurching reverberations of the firelight" he drops, for once into the error of style which is too often recognized as an excellence. At all events, the business of "heredity," as in M. Zola's long series of romances, can never, probably, be made amusing by more than a passing fashion. Heredity is much too fleeting and peculiar in its manifestations to be seized scientifically. It is about as manageable as hypnotism, which is scientific, too, more or less, and is overworked and tedious. But a novel on heredity is usually thought scientific, while a novel of hypnotic influence is thought romantic. They are about equally scientific and equally transient.—Andrew Lang, in Longman's Magazine.

AMONG THE EGYPTIANS.

They Live in Mud-Houses Together with Millions of Parasites.

There is little ornamentation about these Egyptian houses. They are all flat-roofed. The majority of them have no glass in their windows, and the lower half of each window is covered with wooden lattice-work, through the meshes of which you may see the large, dark eyes of the ladies of the harem peeping out. I asked one gray-bearded Mahometan as to what the people did in case of rain. He did not appear to know what the word rain meant, and I was told that they have no blizzards or rain storms in this part of the Nile valley. One of our spring rains would wash this town of 40,000 inhabitants into a vast mud pie. The houses are rude inside as well as out. Most of them are mere hovels and families live here in quarters in which an American farmer would not trust his best Jersey cow. Today in Asyoot I tried to learn all I could about the life of the people, and I found that several families often lived in one of these little mud huts, and that most of them slept on the ground, with only a blanket or a cotton rag as covering. The poor Egyptian, like the poor Indian, sleeps in the same clothes that he wears during the day-time, and in these huts chickens, donkeys and cattle are kept in the same room with the family. Even these by no means make up the inhabitants of the house. The lice and fleas of the hard-hearted Pharaoh still stick to the land, and bed-bugs are everywhere. You can have no idea of the lice of Egypt, and the graybacks of army days are mild in comparison. The chief business of Egyptian leisure seems to be picking over clothes for body-lice, and everywhere I went about Asyoot I saw a man, boy or woman sitting half naked, and looking and catching and cracking these insects. In many cases two men or two women combine forces and work together, one picking from the other, and vice versa. Every time I took a walk through the streets I trembled to think of the possibilities, and several times in searching my clothes on returning to my room I found that I had carried away some other man's property. These lice are very prolific, and one good female will in a week colonize a whole man. I spent about an hour every day in searching the seams of my under-clothing for eggs, and I did not wonder that Pharaoh was ready, when Moses sent this pest upon him, to allow the Israelites to go. You can have no idea of the flies and fleas of Upper Egypt. They cover everything and everybody. You see men sleeping by the roadside with great handfuls of flies on their eyebrows. Babies have flies resting upon their mouths, and every child in Egypt has a half dozen flies on his eyelids. Egypt has more sore eyes to its population than any other country in the world, and eye diseases are caused by these flies. You find hundreds of blind men in every Egyptian city. They go about with long sticks and are respected by the people.—F. G. Carpenter, in National Tribune.

THE BUFFALO'S FATE.

How the Great American Ruminant Was Wantonly Exterminated.

In 1868 the Union Pacific railroad and its branch in Kansas was completed across the plains to the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains—the western limit of the buffalo range—and that year witnessed the inauguration of the wholesale and wanton slaughter of the great ruminants, ending only with their practical extinction in 1885, by regular hunters for their hides, and by the crowds of tourists who crossed the continent for more pleasure and sport, then made possible by the advent of the "iron-tail"; these latter heartlessly killed for the excitement of the novel experience, often never even touching a particle of the flesh, or possessing themselves of a single robe as they rode along at a slow rate of speed. The former, numbering thousands of old frontiersmen, all expert shots, and as many novices—the pioneer settlers on the "public domain" just opened under the various land laws—from beyond the Platte to far south of the Arkansas, within transporting distance of the two roads, day after day for years made it a lucrative business to kill for robes only, a market for which had suddenly sprung up all over the country.

On either side of the lines of the railroad, within close range for nearly their whole distance, the most conspicuous objects in those days were the desiccated carcasses of the noble beasts that had been ruthlessly slaughtered by the thoughtless and excited passenger en route across the continent. In the open prairie, too, miles away from the regular routes of legitimate travel, one could walk in places all day on the dead bodies of the buffaloes, killed by the hide-hunters, without stepping on the ground! Then was the opportunity for Congress to interpose. Restricting the transportation of robes by the railroads and express companies could have saved the buffalo from extinction. I believe there was some absurd law enacted in relation to preventing the terrible slaughter, but it made it only a misdemeanor on the part of the hunter to kill—about as effective a provision, so far as the average plainsman was concerned, as to attempt to defect a tornado with a palm-leaf fan. The price of robes ranged all the way from fifty cents—the amount paid primarily—to two dollars and a half as they became scarcer. I have bought many a finely-tanned and ornamented "silk robe" from the Indians for half a pound of coffee or a cupful of sugar; but that was twenty-five years ago. To-day the same kind would easily bring one hundred and fifty dollars, if procurable, which I very much doubt.—Henry Inman, in Harper's Weekly.

A Poor Boy's Faith.

Another London schoolboy, a child of poverty, showed that he felt the sentiment of poetry. The subject of his composition being "Flowers," the boy described the wonders of the country where flowers "grow wild in the fields and not in skwares and rounds.

"Nobody believes it till they go in the train. You can pull as many as you like and fill your baskets, and carry home to your fathers and mothers. And the teacher said that if we could only go the next day there would be ever so many flowers again. Some boys would not believe what the teacher said, but I did, for God can easy do miracles. When I am a man I shall go the next day."—Youth's Companion.

WOMAN'S PHYSICAL HEALTH.

Importance of Bodily Training and Hygienic Precaution.

Mr. Frederick Treves calls attention to a perfectly new branch of work undertaken by the society with reference to physical education. Within the last few years an immense deal of attention had been directed to the matter of physical education. It had been pointed out that the education of the mind was well looked after while the education of the body was practically allowed to look after itself. Parents did not realize that proper physical education must be conducted on as precise and as careful scientific lines as the ordinary education of the mind. Parents were quite content to send their children to gymnasiums, and when they had done this felt satisfied that their physical education was complete. They were unaware that there was no proper control over the teachers of gymnastics and calisthenics, a large number of whom were people totally unfit for their work. The society had, perhaps, rather more reference to children and women than to men and boys. As a matter of fact, the latter class was admirably looked after. No one could find much to criticise in the athletic training of our public schools. When they came to the London shop boy they found his condition had been materially changed; he had taken to bicycling and other pursuits. When they came to schools, and especially girls' schools, it must be confessed that the conditions were about as bad as they very well could be. They heard a good deal of the enormous advances of civilization during the last fifty or hundred years, and their enormous improvement on the unfortunate savage, who had straight limbs, graceful carriage, and an absence of the ordinary aches and pains, and he was not disposed to be always taking tea or to be living in an atmosphere of tonics. People did not seem to be aware that by a judiciously supervised system of physical education, exercises and due attention to the development of the body, it was possible to alter its proportions, to reduce redundances, and to develop deficient and feeble muscles. Motives of vanity and regard for the future physical development of their girls might so influence mothers who were indifferent to higher considerations to see that the physical education of girls was carried out, whether in families or schools, under persons trained, skilled and having the requisite knowledge to make such physical training in all respects useful and in no case injurious. Neither could be said of the very limited amount of physical training now given to girls. It was pointed out that the National Health Society's diplomas would be granted to such teachers of gymnastics, calisthenics and physical exercises as had fulfilled the necessary curriculum and passed the required examinations.

The society hoped by the institution of this diploma to encourage the development of physical education in this country; to render such training precise, effectual and scientific; to protect the public, on the one hand, from incompetent teachers, and, on the other, to establish the position of such instructors as were fully qualified. It was intended, however, that the work of such teachers should be devoted and restricted to the one legitimate object set forth in the diploma, namely, physical training, and that they should not undertake the treatment of deformity or disease by "movement cures," "remedial exercises, massage, and the like. The diploma would certify that the candidate had passed an examination in the art and science of physical education, had fulfilled the curriculum required by the society, and was fully qualified to act as an instructor of gymnastics, calisthenics and physical exercises generally.—British Medical Journal.

Electricity and Water Power.

The utilization of water power for electric purposes has just begun to be regarded with the attention it deserves. The returns of the 1880 census gave the number of water wheels in the country as 55,404, representing a horsepower of 1,225,379, or 35.72 per cent. of the total power employed for industrial purposes. An official calculation of the horse-power obtainable from the rivers and streams of this country shows it to be over 2,000,000, and with the help of electricity fully 5 per cent. of this ought to be utilized. In places like Rochester, Kearney, Spokane Falls and Niagara Falls, we may shortly look for immense developments of power. Colonel Whittemore, of the Government arsenal at Rock Island, proposes to transmit power electrically from forty-one wheels, the dam for which is now being built. He will connect these wheels directly with the dynamos and carry the current to distant shops.—N. Y. Sun.

Its Total Cost.

Kilgordan—Take a look at this umbrella, Grindstone, will you? I've just had a new cover put on it. It's as good as new.

Grindstone—What did it cost?

"Only $2.50."

"Umph! Seems to me that's pretty steep. How much has the umbrella cost you now altogether?"

"Only $2.50 Grindstone—only $2.50."—Chicago Tribune.

Undoubtedly the Last.

Jones—Who is that striking-looking man over there? Seems like a popular sort of chap.

Brown—Mistake! He's the last man we fellows will have any use for.

Jones—Extraordinary!

Brown (easily)—Not at all; he's the undertaker.—Texas Siftings.

Two Queer Proverbs.

Tomdix—"Honor among thieves" is a kind of a proverb, isn't it?

McClammy—Yes, it always reminds me of another.

"What is that?"

"True as steal."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Workmen while excavating in a lot near the McClellan house, Gettysburg, dug up the remains of a Union soldier, several Union buttons establishing the fact. The bones were taken to the National cemetery for reinterment. A number of teeth filled with gold were also found. It is said that the lot in which the body was buried was occupied at the time of the battle by an embalming establishment.

Among the singular differences between the two sides of the face a German professor notes that the right ear is almost invariably higher than the left.